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à Wm Bronscombe 230 Ave

Northern Messenger

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The Rescue.

It was a stormy day. The wind blows fiercely, and the sea is covered with big waves, which break here and there into white foam. Then the wind catches the foam and tosses it high into the air, so that it blows towards the land, and falls as spray on the people who walk on the shore. Not a pleasant day to be out! And yet at the little seaside village I am going to tell you of, there is a crowd of people gathered on the sea-wall. They are all looking in the same direction. Far out at sea there is a dark object to be seen tossing up and down with the waves. This morning

HE LOOKS EAGERLY THROUGH.

it was a beautiful ship sailing gaily over the waters, taking many useful things to the other lands. Now it is a wreck. But between the shore and the sinking vessel is a small dark spot, and it is this that all the anxious crowd are watching. Two hours ago the life-boat started from the shore, full of brave men who were willing to risk their lives that they might save the drowning crew of the sinking ship. They reached it a little while ago, and now the boat is returning. Will she get safely to land? How anxiously the people watch; and how earnestly they pray to God to take care of the brave men and those they are saving from death.

Now three strong fishermen leave the crowd on the sea-wall, and go down on to the sand close to the water's edge. The oldest and wisest carries his telescope, so that he may be able to look far out to sea. The others hold a thick, strong rope. The wind blows so hard the fisherman cannot hold his glass still enough to see through, so he steadies it on the shoulder of one of his young companions. Then he looks eagerly through. How slowly the life-boat comes; it is hard work for the men to row in such a sea.

Sometimes he loses sight of her altogether, as she is covered by a huge breaker. Then all the people on shore almost hold their breath with anxiety till she appears again high on the top of another wave. Still the man with the glass never moves his eye! He knows just the length of the rope, and the best time for throwing it. He waits till the life-boat is near enough. Then, 'Ready!' he says, and they throw the rope. The men in the boat catch it, and fasten it; and then the fishermen on shore pull with all their might.

There is a grating noise as the bottom of the boat is pulled over the shingle, and then the people on the sea-wall shout with gladness. 'Hurrah! hurrah!' they cry, as the drenched men and their frightened, half-drowned passengers are helped to land.

All saved! Not one life lost! 'Thank God!' says some one, and the words go round the crowd. The men raise their hats. 'Thank God!' they say. How right it is that they should thank the good Father in heaven. Has he not been good to them all? It was he who put it into the brave men's hearts to venture out on the stormy sea; he who helped them to rescue all the crew of the sinking ship; and he who guided the little life-boat safely through the dreadful waves back to the land again.

No wonder all the crowd, who have been watching so long and anxiously, say: 'Thank God!'—A. S. Rowe, in the 'Sunday Scholars' Treasure.'

'Only a Woman's Life.'

(Willma H. House, in the 'Fuhkien Bulletin.')

A hot, June day was drawing to a close in the plague-stricken city of Foochow. A funeral party stood aside for an idol procession which, with all the usual pomp and commotion, was making its way through the crowded streets, then took up its march, again, toward the burying ground. Funeral processions were a too common sight, and the pedestrians noted only that the coffin was unpainted, indicating that the deceased had died of plague, and that the funeral had been hurried. If some one had asked the hired coffin bearers, 'Who has died?' the answer would have been: 'Only a woman.' Yes, readers, it was only a woman, and a Chinese woman, too, but come with me to my 'ludai,' where we can look down on this noisy city with its pagodas, supposed to protect the people from the influence of evil spirits, with its temples filled with hideous idols, with its moving, hurrying, crowding, seething mass of humanity pushing on to eternity, and let me tell you the story of that life, the last chapter in whose drama you have just witnessed.

Listen, you who think Chinese women are stolid; that they can not feel as you feel, that they canot love as you love, that they do not know how to hate as you might have known if the God of Love had not come into your heart.

Forty years ago, in that litle street over there, a baby's voice sounded on the midnight air. A watchman, going his rounds picked the little one up and pressed it to his heart. No need to inquire as to the sex of the litle waif; no boy would have been thrown out there to die. The watchman had a soft heart, and the gods had denied him the sons he had longed for. Something of a father's love came into his heart as the baby nestled in his arms. Something strangely like a tear came to his eye, but he resolutely put the child down again, and commenced to pace his beat. He was too poor to adopt a child—especially a girl—and she would bring him nothing but sorrow. Did not the books of the sages teach that?

The infant wailed, and the watchman hurried away telling himself that if the gods had been

pleased to send him a daughter he would be much happier. But what was this baby to him? He came back to the place where the little one lay. No sound broke the stillness. His heart was beating wildly as he bent and swept the ground with his hand. Some one had taken the baby. Who had the right? Had he not found her, first? Could he not put her down to sleep, for a minute, while he walked his beat? He would pursue the thief and claim the child; she was his—but just then his hand touched the little form and something seemed to choke him, as he felt the cold hand and the seemingly lifeless body of the babe. He unbuttoned his coat and laid the little one next to his warm body. She moaned feebly, and a great joy came into his heart. He was only a heathen, but from such souls as his, touched by a ray of Divine love has come all the great philanthropies this old world has ever known!

His wife took the little one to her heart, and something they had never known before came into their lives. Was there magic in the baby voice and in the touch of her little hand to draw them together?

Baby was only two years old when her foster father died: and the mother and child became wards of an uncle. The mother's will was put aside. She was 'only a woman'; what right had she to say what disposition should be made of her child? She had no right to adopt it in the first place, the uncle, who had never looked kindly on the little girl, had told her.

With almost breaking heart the woman saw her adopted child taken from her arms; and the little one was sold as a slave.

The girl was fourteen before the realization of what her life might mean came to her, and then commenced such a battle that her owner sold her to another family. Here, too, after a time came another scene, and the boy of eighteen who had incurred her hatred though he had never dared to put a hand on her, begged his father to sell her lest she put poison in his food. At last she was sold to a young man to become his lawful wife. He was poor, or he would not have been content to have a slave girl for his wife; but he was kind, and he was the first person the poor little wife could remember who had been good to her.

All the strong love of an intense nature, she felt for her husband, and a happiness such as few Chinese women know was hers. Three little children came to the home, but none of them staid long enough to do more than teach the mother the depths of love and leave an uncontrollable sorrow when death claimed them.

Fortune smiled on the husband, he was growing rich. His relatives began to look about for another wife, for him, when for six years, no child had come to the home. The wife pleaded as never before had Chinese wife pleaded with her husband; but he was weak. The relatives prevailed and Number Two came into the family. Number One had tasted all the bitterness of sorrow, all the joy of love; and now she was to learn all there was to know of hatred and jealousy. Over and over again she sought to take her rival's life; but Number Two was watchful. Then she attempted suicide, but she was discovered in time, and was saved.

It seemed as though the gods had avenged her, however, when a little son lay in her arms and Number Two was still childless. Then came the death of the second wife, and the first wife, holding the little daughter of the dead woman, close to her breast, vowed before the ancestral tablets that the baby should never miss the love of a mother. She had cared for the dying woman as she might have cared for a sister, forgetting all bitterness in her sympathy and womanly compassion.

The next few years were comparatively happy ones. Another little son came to the home, and children's laughter and noise did for that Chinese home something of what it has done for all homes in all time.

One day the children went to Sunday-school. The mother had objected but the father said: 'Let them go; they want the pretty cards that the foreign woman gives to the children who go there.' Week after week they went; and the mother listened to the verses they learned there, and began to wonder what they meant. Finally she went to the Sunday-school, too. How strange it seemed to sit with many other women and learn to read: 'Thou shalt have no other gods before me. Thou shalt not bow down to them—' Really the 'Doctrine' was very good, she told her husband.

Would the foreigner come to her house and teach her something more? she had asked, and the foreigner had said: 'I cannot come now, but some day I hope I may.' Why was it that there were so few foreigners to teach the women when there were so many to learn, she had wondered, but she did not asked the question for she might be considered impolite.

'Surely I will come before next Sunday,' the missionary had said, when the invitation had been given week after week. The woman went home with a new joy and hope in her heart. The foreign woman and a Bible-woman would surely come in a few days, and she would have a chance to learn so much about the new 'Doctrine' that had taught her that she needed a Saviour.

'She is dying,' the neighbors said. 'She wants to send for the foreigner, but it will not do.' The patient opened her eyes. 'Come here, children,' she said. 'Learn all you can of this new——'

And, then her eyes closed and the last chapter of her life on earth had ended.

[For the 'Messenger.'

The Breaking Down of Caste in India.

(F. H. Russell.)

It is well known that a candle lighted in the daytime when the sun is shining is very little noticed, but the same light at night brightens all around; in the same way the noble lives of the faithful missionaries shine amongst the people who have never before heard of the God of Love and his marvellous loving kindness in sending his only Son to die for the sins of all the people in the world. Of the three hundred million people in India, less than one million are Christians, and yet the lives of these comparatively few Christians are lighting up that dark land. Only a few weeks ago a poor dying woman said: 'Let the Christians have my children—they are the only people who care for the widows and orphans.'

The Famine Orphanage at Dhar, Central India, supported by the members and friends of the Victorian India Orphan Society of Winnipeg, is in a native state which is governed by a Hindu Rajah or Prince, subject to Great Britain. This Prince is not yet old enough to reign alone, so the English Vireroy of India appoints a political agent to look after the state and help the native officials whilst the young Rajah is being educated at College.

Some months ago, Captain Barnes (the agent) and his wife had to leave for England, as Mrs. Barnes's health had failed. Both are good Christians, and much liked by all classes of people. The young Rajah wished to shew them all honor, so he invited them and the Canadian missionaries at Dhar to a festival to meet the Rajahs of neigboring states, the ceremonies lasting two days. On the first day the reception was held in the palace, and on the second day outside, tents being erected for the invited guests. The Rajah of Dhar required a lady to act as hostess, and asked Mrs. Russell, the wife of the Canadian missionary, to take this honorable position on both occasions. Whilst the servants were putting up the tents to be occupied by the high-caste visitors, they had to be very careful not to let the ropes touch the ropes of the tent in which the Christians were to dine, so that food for the Brahmins should no be polluted. After all this precaution it almost provokes a smile to hear that the Rajah and his brother went into the Christian tent, sat down and ate dinner with Captain and Mrs. Barnes and the missionaries. We should all thank God that this terrible caste system, the greatest obstacle to the spread of the Gospel in India, is being broken down, as shewn by this heathen Prince inviting a missionary's wife to act as hostess for him, sitting down with Christians, and eating at the same table. The effect of the lives of the Christians is widely felt in that great land, and Christ's words are being fulfilled, 'Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.'

Life's Railway.

I have thrown the throttle open, and am tearing down God's track;
I have thrown it out to full-speed, and no hand can hold me back!
'Tis my arm controls the engine, though Another owns the rail,
But for once I'm in the open and the yard-lights pass and pale!

Green lights! Red lights! God has hung his signals out!
Caution here! Danger ho! And what's the man about?
'Tis true he owns the Engine, to do as he has done,
But how about the Final Word—when he ends the run?

So from siding on to junction point now I shall have my day;
I have stopped to read no orders, but I take the right of way.
Down the open grade I thunder and around the curve I swing,
For my hand is on the throttle, and my heart shall have its fling!

Light lost! Life lost! Flag, O flag the others back!
Switch the wreck! Ditch the wreck! Dare any block God's track?
There creeps into the Terminal the man who had his day,
But I wonder, O my soul, just what his God will say!

—Arthur Stringer.

Acknowledgments.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

The Sea Wind.

Speed through the closing gates of the day,
Winnow me through with thy keen clean breath,
Wind with the tang of the sea!
Find me and fold me; have thy way
And take thy will of me!

Use my soul as you used the sky—
Gray sky of this sullen day!
Clear its doubt as you sped its wrack
Of storm cloud bringing its splendor back,
Giving it gold for gray!

Bring me word of the moving ships,
Halyards and straining spars;
Come to me clean from the sea's wide breast
While the last lights die in the yellow west
Under the first white stars!

Batter the closed doors of my heart
And set my spirit free!
For I stifle here in this crowded place
Sick for the tenantless fields of space,
Wind with the tang of the sea!
—Arthur Ketchum, in the 'Atlantic.'

Mother and Son.

Among the truly remarkable feats performed by the post-office employees, in the way of deciphering addresses and discovering the persons to whom letters are addressed, the following incident, which took place in New York, some time ago, is one of the most interesting. A letter was received at the general office, addressed simply, 'My Mother, New York, America.' The chirography was somewhat difficult, but even with this finally mastered and the deciphering of its Irish postmark, the fact that there was more than one mother in Manhattan with a son in Ireland made the post-office people despair of ever discovering the rightful owner.

A day or two after the receipt of this mysterious missive a cheery-looking Irishwoman elbowed her way to the general inquiry window. 'Ye haven't a letter from me b'y, have ye?' she queried, eagerly.

As most of the employees on that floor had had a laugh over the address of the letter 'my mother,' the thought of it returned to the mind of the inquiry clerk at mention of 'me b'y.' It was quite possible that such a questioner might be the mother of such a writer.

The home of the 'b'y' was found to be the same as the postmark on the letter, and after a few more precautionary inquiries, the missive was handed over to 'my mother,' on condition that she open it on the spot and verify her claim. This was done, and 'my mother' was actually identified among the three million and a half recipients of mail matter in the great city.—'Youth's Companion.'

Postal Curiosities.

Mr. Charles Field, formerly attached to the Secret Service Department of the United States Post-Office, in an address to the Massachusetts Club, once gave a few specimens of the superscriptions with which the 'blind reader' of the Boston office is daily annoyed and amused:

Augusta—Aagosta, Eghost, Ouigustia.

Annisquam—Annie Squam, Hannisquam, Hannasquam.

Boston—Bos. Town, Bawston, Bloston, Bosting.

Billerica—Billurikee, Biluke, Belleri Ka.

Brighton—Bryngton, Brithon, Britint.

Cambridge—Hambreach, Keim Bridge, Kambrels, Campriche.

Connecticut — Connetuequette, Canatikette, Kenickticut.

Dorchester—Dodchester, Dart Shester, Dester, Docther.

Gloucester—Goschester, Glue Cester, Glouchcrst, Klashyastor.

Holyoke—Hole Yoke, Holioack, Holy ho Yoke, Houlock, Holiout.

Ipswich—Eapetchuich, Ab Suitch, I. P. Suich, Whipsuich.

Jamaica Plain—Jimmy Capilane.

Newburyport—New Beary Pourte.

Quincy—Guenza.

San Francisco—Can Fran Syska.

United States—New Night Steats.

Woonsocket—Wind Saw Kett.—Exchange.

Helped.

(Sally Campbell, in 'Wellspring.')

(In Two Parts.)

PART I.

Richard Macon was going to college!

The news stated one Saturday morning in the store, promptly crossed the road to the blacksmith's shop, spread through the length and breadth of the village, and by the time the farmers had received their weekly newspaper from the post-office and their wives had bargained over their chickens and eggs, it might count on being carried at least four miles in every direction.

'To think of Luth Macon's boy getting ahead of all the rest!' said Mrs. Peter Emmett, as she stood at the gate with her apron over her head, discussing the matter with Mrs. Charlton, her nearest neighbor. 'Peter and I have been ready ever since our Lew put off dresses to give him the best learning there was. We'd have worked our fingers to the bone and gone without almost anything and not complained—we'd have been glad to do it, to have him educated with the highest. But he'll not take an education. Lew just will not.'

Mrs. Charlton assented tacitly, with her eyes on the ground. She knew Lew.

'So it will be Luth Macon's son who can rise to the top,' said Mrs. Emmett, 'whilst ours will be a plain workingman all his days.'

She was a good woman, but there was a touch of bitterness in her tone. Only her own mother heart could have told how sorely she had striven against the giving up of dreams which she had first dreamed over the cradle of her only son.

'I wonder,' said Mrs. Charlton, breaking the pause between them, 'if Richard can get on at college. How did he ever learn enough to go to college?'

'That's it! How did he? He stopped school two or three years ago before any of the other boys; he's had everything in the house to do, that is, that's been done; and he must have earned just about all that's been earned. It beats me where the books could have come in.'

'Luth Macon,' said Mrs. Charlton, thoughtfully, 'has been clear down at the bottom of the hill since ever anyone in this neighborhood first clapped eyes on him. But, do you know, sometimes I get to doubting if he always belonged so low down as he is now. You don't suppose,' she spoke as though apologizing for the folly of the question, 'you don't suppose that Richard's father could have been the one to teach him, do you?'

'No, I don't. He isn't out of the tavern long enough, nor,' added Mrs. Emmett, grimly, 'if he was, his brain wouldn't be steady enough to teach the primer to a child. No, if I was you I wouldn't pick on Luth Macon to work miracles.'

She broke off to await, smiling, the approach of a tall, slim, fresh-colored lad of sixteen, whose clothes were of a fashionable make, whose hands were in his pockets, and whose air was that of infinite leisure.

'Well, Lew,' said Mrs. Emmett, 'what do you think of Richard?'

'Great news, isn't it?' said Lew. 'He is the worst persons for keeping things to himself! Why couldn't he have given us a hint of what was coming, instead of going off like this without a word to anybody?'

Lew's mother looked at him in some little surprise. She was vaguely aware of an emotion on his part which she did not understand.

'When Richard went to school with you,' asked Mrs. Charlton, 'did he mostly know his lessons?'

'He knew when he was asked questions. He never offered to say anything just because he could, just for advertisement, as almost any other fellow is in a hurry to do. Unless the question was put straight at him he kept still. Two or three times, after the teachers had coaxed anybody to speak and had fumed at us all for being dolts, they asked Richard, by some kind of an accident. He answered. He would have done it oftener if they had asked him. But none of the teachers ever seemed to understand Richard in that. Queer people, school-teachers!'

Mrs. Emmett sighed. Too well she knew that Lew's heart went not with his instructors.

'Richard was always such a quiet boy,' said Mrs. Charlton, 'that nobody took much notice of him, one way or the other. But maybe it wasn't dulness; maybe there's been more in him than we thought for.'

'Maybe so,' said Lew.

Again his mother recognized a strange quality in his speech. She cast a sharp glance at him and then turned up the brick walk toward the house. Lew followed her. Mrs. Charlton went home.

'How Peter and Laura Emmett,' she remarked to herself on the way, 'ever had such a son as they have is a good bit bigger miracle than it would be for Luth Macon to have learned college learning somewheres back before he was what he is now! Why, they are both excellent! As the old parson here used to say, they are "salt." And Lew is worthless. There isn't any more to him (that's good) than there is to a dandelion that's headed. It is certainly surprising!'

Mrs. Charlton shut the gate behind her with a click. She was disturbed. Laura Emmett and she had gone to school together.

'It isn't as if Lew wasn't bright. If it was the Lord's plain will that he shouldn't know, that would be one thing. Laura and Peter could bend to it then better than most folks. But it's hard for just them in particular to have a boy that can learn quicker than any boy round when he choses, and that's as trifling as Lew is. Well, I'm still hoping for him to turn out a good boy, yet.'

But Mrs. Charlton had shaken her head before she remembered what she was doing.

Lew Emmett, following his mother to the house, had gone straight on upstairs to his own room. Now he was sitting by the window, staring out among the branches of the horse-chestnut tree. There was a cloud in his

eyes; on his face was a look that would have been strange to most of his neighbors.

'There is more in Richard Macon,' muttered Lew, 'than in all the rest of us fellows put together. He might have said good-by.'

Luther Macon was not a prosperous man. If, as Mrs. Charlton hinted, there ever was a time when he had been, it was so long past that it must have seemed shadowy and unreal even to himself. He and the child that he had brought to the village with him a dozen years before had always lived poorly. How they lived at all was a riddle that no one had tried to guess except Clorinda Charlton, and, oddly enough, Lew Emmett.

While Lew sat with his moody gaze on the horse-chestnut, Luther Macon was alone in the two-roomed, tumble-down cabin to which he and Richard had made their last and worst move. Dust and disorder were thick about him. At his elbow, on a table, from which untoward fortune had rubbed much of its successive layers of paint, lay a bundle of manuscripts and a book or two.

'I promised the lad,' said Luther Macon to himself, 'and,' with a laugh that had no laughter in it, 'I thought I meant it. I really thought that when all the comfort I had was gone and the only one that could give me any sort of courage was away, I would hold up and be a man.'

He rose to his feet unsteadily.

'I was a fool. It has been three days since he went. Only the devil and the good Lord and men like me know how long three days can be!'

Mrs. Charlton, stepping over to the store for cornstarch, and Mrs. Emmett, shaking a mat on the front steps, and Lew Emmett, glancing down through the spreading branches by his window, saw Luther Macon disappear behind the swinging side door of the Eagle Hotel.

On a Saturday half holiday, Richard Macon was carefully hanging back from the heels of a little group of his classmates, who spread themselves thoroughly over the walk in front of him, after the manner of college students. Richard was not one of them.

'It will probably be so always,' he reflected, grimly. 'I shall walk after them through life.'

But even as the thought came, his lips tightened, and with all his might he meant to be a false prophet. Instinctively he quickened his step and passed the rollicking group with a comprehensive nod.

'Who is that fellow?' asked Jerry Moulton, when Richard was out of hearing. 'I forget.'

'Macon,' answered Alonzo Brown. He knew the name of everybody. It was one of Brown's ways.

'Lots of hair,' commented Jerry, and returned to the discussion of football.

Richard had been in college for two weeks. He knew who the men were whom he wished to know. Also he knew that he was about as much to any of them as one of the many leaves that blew about the campus paths. His first choice was Trevor Gale. Gale was agent for a particular line of shoes and agent for many other things besides; and he recited Greek and mathematics so as to draw the faculty to him as the magnet draws steel.

Next to Gale, Richard put Alonzo Brown and the circle of which he was the centre—that is to say, the inmost circle; for, to tell the truth, Alonzo was already fast becoming what he was to remain throughout the four years and afterwards, the most popular man in the class.

'If Gale or any of them,' thought Richard as he hurried on, 'heard that I aspired to their company, how amused they would be! But never mind; everything has not happened, yet!'

When Richard reached his room, he found a letter from his father. He was very grave when he had read it through. The college hopes and strivings, which but a moment before had seemed so warm and vital, sank far away from him.

'Ought I to have left father? Was it a mistake, after all, to come? I tried hard to judge wisely. I wished to do what was right. But I don't know whether I have done it. I don't know.'

He stopped in front of the rough bookshelves, which held his books, and his hand sought a worn little leather volume. It was the Bible which his poor young mother had learned to read in the fierce furnace of disappointment and sorrow.

'As far back as I can remember, the one purpose to which father held always was his purpose that I should be educated. Poor father, he let everything else go; he flung it away. But he kept to this through it all. He would work and save for it when he would for nothing else. It is a fearful risk to let him stay alone. But—but it is the last hope. If it fails—O God, if it fails!'

He flung himself down beside the table with his head on his outstretched arms. The Bible was still in his hand. He had not attempted to open it.

Richard Macon's mother had taught him his prayers when she had learned to pray. He never omitted them. They and her Bible were everything tangible that remained of her sweet faint memory. He could not recall her face. His father never spoke of her; even in his most helpless moments no mention of her name passed his lips.

To-day, with the old fear yet more heavy at his heart, with despair very near, Richard caught gropingly at the comfort of prayer.

The September sunshine was grown mellow with the coming sunset, the distant shouts of the ball-players had ceased, the first of the three triple strokes from the church tower had been broken in on by the clash of the college bell, when Richard lifted his head. He was worn, he had found no answer to his doubts and questions, but in his aspect there was something like peace.

'I can understand,' said Richard Macon to himself, 'I can begin to understand how there might be communion between men and God.'

One afternoon the store-keeper brought out a letter to Lew Emmett, lounging on the store steps.

Lew looked at the address; he did not know the writing. Then he looked at the postmark and his fresh color deepened to the roots of his hair. In haste he carried the letter to his own room and shut himself up with it.

On the same afternoon, at the littered table in his squalid kitchen, Luther Macon was supposing himself to be at work. He heard only vaguely a knock at the door, which was twice repeated. Then the latch lifted and Lew Emmett walked in.

'Good afternoon, Mr. Macon,' said Lew, cheerfully.

A mumble answered him.

Lew glanced at the inert figure lurching half out of its chair. Then he walked up to the table and frankly examined its contents. Two thick piles of papers occupied a large part of it.

'Examination papers!' said Lew, after turning over the leaves of the topmost one. 'What on earth is he doing with them?'

An open letter had fallen at Mr. Macon's feet. Lew picked it up and read it. He felt no scruples. None occurred to him.

The letter made the situation clearer.

'Richard had obtained work for his father at the college. This is from one of the professors to tell him that if he doesn't go ahead faster he'll lose his job. Being a professor,' scoffed Lew, 'he uses a good many more words than he needs to. But after you pick the idea out of them, that's it. If Luth Macon doesn't send these papers back by "the evening of the sixteenth," he'll be discharged. When is the sixteenth?'

Lew calculated with a wrinkled brow.

'Whew! It's to-morrow!'

He made another inspection of the table.

'One pile he's done, I guess. The other he hasn't touched. And,' with a passing glance at his prostrate host, 'he isn't much likely to touch it in time for the evening of the sixteenth. The ten o'clock to-morrow morning will be his last mail.'

Lew drew a chair to the table and sat down moodily.

'It's too bad for the smash-up to come just at the very time when Richard had asked me to try to do something. It was going a long way for him to write what he did; it was going an awfully long way.

(To be continued.)

Six Little Words.

We all use them, every day and many times a day, but we do not often stop to think of their full meaning. The Rev. Jas. Learmont, in the 'Examiner,' quotes the following verses, bringing out something of their force:—

'Six little words arrest me night and day:
"Ought," "must," and "can," "will," "like" and lastly, "may."
I "ought"—God's finger points the destined goal,
The law divine writ in the human soul.
I "must'—'tis Fate's behest, whose changeless word
By Man and Nature is unceasing heard.
I "can"—not all enslaved to Fate's decree,
Man has a power that makes for liberty.
I "will"—it is the Sov'reign Spirit's call,
That makes us free and crowns us lords of all.
I "like"—'tis thus that nobler impulse quells
The darker will that in each bosom dwells.
I "may"—'tis like a bolt to Freedom's door
That limits human action evermore.
These six—"ought," "must," and "can," "will," "like," and "may"—
Attend my wand'ring footsteps, night and day.
Then teach me, Lord, while I have breath, to know
The solemn truths that from these words do flow.'

The Supper-sense of Animals

When engaged in locating a railway in New Brunswick, Mr. James Camden, a civil engineer, was compelled one night by a very severe snowstorm to take refuge in a small farmhouse. The farmer owned two dogs—one an old Newfoundland and the other a collie. In due time the farmer and his family went to bed, the Newfoundland stretched himself out by the chimney corner, and Mr. Camden and the man with him rolled themselves in their blankets on the floor in front of the fire.

The door of the house was closed by a wooden latch and fastened by a bar placed across it. Mr. Camden and his man were just falling asleep when they heard the latch of the door raised. They did not get up im-

mediately, and in a short time the latch was tried again.

They waited a few minutes, and then Mr. Camden rose, unfastened the door and looked out. Seeing nothing, he returned to his blankets, but did not replace the bar across the door. Two or three minutes later the latch was tried again. This time the door opened, and the collie walked in. He pushed the door quite back, walked straight to the old Newfoundland, and appeared to make some kind of a whispered communication to him. Mr. Camden lay still and watched. The old dog rose and followed the other out of the house. Both presently returned, driving before them a valuable ram belonging to the farmer, that had become separated from the rest of the flock, and was in danger of perishing in the storm. Now, how did the collie impart to the other dog a knowledge of the situation unless through some super-sense unknown to us? —'Forest and Stream.'

With Bottle and Goblet.

Tell your company that you have a bottle and a goblet, both full to the brim of water, and that you are going to empty the goblet by means of the bottle without taking a drop of water from the latter.

This is the way to prepare for it. With a redhot wire bore two holes through a cork and into them insert two straws, one of them extending above the corks as high as the goblet is deep, the other about twice as high.

Now, with a little kneaded bread or wax close the upper end of the shorter straw and then force the corks into the mouth of the bottle until the water spurts out through the longer straw.

Meanwhile you have the goblet of water on the table near you, and also a basin or bowl and a pair of scissors. Hold the goblet over the basin with your left hand and with your right turn the bottle upside down, putting the shorter straw inside the goblet. As you do this have some one take the scissors and cut off the closed end of the shorter straw. Water will at once begin to run out of the longer straw into the basin, and will continue to run until the goblet is empty. You must, of course, hold the bottle so that the short straw will reach down to the bottom of the goblet. This is simply the operation of a siphon.—'Homeless Boys' Friend.'

Turnips and Beets.

Mrs. Smith, says 'Lippincott's,' was not in favor of adorning education with any frills and ruffles. She opposed the introduction of each of the so-called 'fads,' and her opposition was always loud and insistent. One morning she visited the principal of the school building which sheltered the five little Smiths for the five most peaceful hours of their day, and expressed her sentiments in no measured terms.

'It's disgraceful the way children are taught!' she began, with a painful disregard of tact and diplomacy. 'Their studies are so jumbled together that they don't know when they have finished with arithmetic and taken up geography. The other day Bessie—she is in G room, you know—came home and said that the teacher had stopped in the middle of a singing lesson, right in the middle of a song, to ask how many turnips were in a peck.'

'You must be mistaken,' excused the astonished principal.

'No, ma'am. Bessie told me, and Bessie never lies,' said Bessie's mother with a complacency that irritated the atmosphere.

The teacher was sent for. She denied that she had interrupted a music lesson to satisfy her curiosity in regard to turnips and pecks. She went back to G room with unkindly feelings, but three minutes later she came back smiling.

'I know now what she meant,' said she. 'I asked the children how many beats were in a measure.'—Selected.

A Strange Pet.

Not many women have owned more strenuous pets than the baby rhinocerous which amuses Mrs. Cook, wife of the governor of North Borneo, a British possession. The governor's house is near a jungle which is filled with wild animals.

Out of this tangle of undergrowth a baby rhinocerous strayed one morning to frolic in a cumbersome fashion on the lawn which surrounds the house. Native servants captured him without much difficulty, and when they had tamed him presented him to Mrs. Cook.

At first it was a problem on what and how to feed the youngster. Cow's milk and an improvised milking bottle were the solution. Sixteen quarts of milk a day was the amount the hungry baby usually demanded, and on it he has thriven and grown fat. If it were not for his single horn one might take him for a peculiar species of hog. He is about the same size and covered with a shaggy coat of black hair. Mrs. Cook completed the taming process begun by her servants and the baby rhinocerous now follows her about like a dog.—Exchange.

The Story of the Faith.

SOME CHAPTERS FROM THE HISTORY OF THE EARLY CENTURIES.

(Retold for Children, by Lucy Taylor, in the 'Sunday at Home.')

CHAPTER I.—CYPRIAN THE BISHOP, AND CYRIL THE BOY-MARTYR.

Near the city of Rome, winding about for many miles underground, there are to be seen to-day some most curious narrow tunnels cut in the volcanic soil, about five or six feet wide, and eight feet high, dark and dreary places to enter, but in which, if we make our way along them with lighted torches, we may read the record of early Christianity in that old Pagan city.

It would be most dangerous to go into these tunnels without a guide, for the long galleries are very confusing, and branch off into many turnings, so that it would be quite easy to get bewildered, and lose the way; indeed, people have been entirely lost in them, and never heard of again, perishing miserably along in the darkness.

These strange places are called 'catacombs,' from a Greek word meaning a hollow, and perhaps the first ones were only quarries for digging out sand and stone, the bodies of slaves being afterwards flung into the holes. All well-to-do Romans practised cremation, that is to say, they burned their dead, and kept the ashes in urns; but those who could not afford a funeral pile, or were slaves or criminals, were thrown down quarries which have long since been filled up.

But in some of these quarries, Christians buried their dead friends. They cut out little shelves in the rock, laid the body inside, and filled up the front with slabs of stone, on which they wrote the name of the dead person, and very often carved also some Christian emblem, such as a palm, or a dove, or an anchor, or a crown, or a ship, or a shepherd with a lamb in his arms. Thousands of tombs have been found with inscriptions like these roughly cut above them—'In the time of the Emperor Adrian, Marius, a young military officer, who had lived long enough when with blood he gave up his life for Christ. At length he rested in peace. This is set up with tears and in fear.' 'Valeria sleeps in peace.' 'Alexander dead, is not; but he lives above the stars, and his body rests in this tomb.' 'Zoticus laid here to sleep.' 'Victorina, in peace and in Christ.' 'Lannus, Christ's martyr, rests here.'

But the Christians did not use the catacombs only as burial-places; they are said to have met there for worship, out of the sight and hearing of their cruel persecutors, for in some places these narrow tunnels opened out into underground spaces where a good many people could assemble. Often there was an opening from above which let in a little fresh air, and a chain hung from the roof, supporting a lamp which gave light. Tradition tells that sometimes their foes pursued the Christians even there.

When the Emperor Valerian was persecuting the Christians, Sixtus, Bishop of Rome, was captured in the catacombs and put to death. It is related that when the soldiers were going to kill him, Laurentius, another Christian, stood by weeping, and Sixtus told him that he would follow him in three days. Laurentius was taken before the prefect who hoped to induce him to say where it was that the Christians had concealed great treasure. But the Christians did not possess the kind of treasure that a Roman praetor would care about. Laurentius, however, promised that he would show him their treasures, and he gathered together the poor who were comforted and helped by the gifts and the tender care of those who loved Jesus Christ, and then he explained that these people were the churches' crown, and that they ought to be cared for by Rome and the Emperor. But the praetor was very angry, and sentenced Laurentius to a terribly cruel death. He was roasted on a gridiron over a great fire, and so died.

When Sixtus was martyred, the life of another good bishop was in very great danger. Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage, was one of the brave Christians who had refused to deny the Name of Jesus in the reign of Decius, and he had been obliged to fly for his life, or the people would have thrown him to the wild beasts. Cyprian was the son of wealthy parents, but he had not been brought up as a Christian, and it was not till he was taught by a good man named Cecilius that he knew anything about the Saviour Christ. Cyprian soon learned to love Cecilius, and liked to listen to his words; he also read, we are told, the book of Jonah, and felt that he ought to give up his Paganism and become a Christian.

But the young man could not for a long time make up his mind to become a follower of the lowly Jesus. Cyprian's father being a senator, he had splendid chances of becoming very learned and famous, but to own himself a Christian, meant that all his friends would forsake him, and that he must be poor, and despised and persecuted all his life. Besides this, Cyprian knew that Jesus would not receive him as his disciple unless willing to give up many sins of which the heathen were guilty, and though he felt that these things were wrong, it would be a hard struggle to renounce them.

The good Cecilius watched his young friend with great interest, and tried to draw him

away from his heathen companions, and at last he invited him to come and live with him in his own house, that Cyprian might see what a happy place a Christian home could be. Cyprian went. In that home he learned to love the God of the Christians. His heart was changed, and he gave himself to Christ's service with not one single regret about the sinful pleasures he was forsaking, for all of them now seemed not only worthless, but hateful. When Cyprian was baptized he took the name of his dear friend in addition to his own, and said that he felt as if he was standing on a mountain-top, so great was his joy. He writes, 'So soon as by the breath of the Spirit I was born again all my doubts were suddenly removed, the gates of truth were opened to me, my night was turned to day.'

Cyprian, on becoming a Christian, sold most of his property and gave away the money to the poor; he put off his costly and splendid robes, and dressed very simply, living in retirement, and reading the Scriptures diligently, that he might learn more himself, and be ready to teach others. And very soon he began to write and speak for his Master. He became a teacher in the church, and afterwards its bishop, but of course he was hated and despised and insulted by his former friends. The Christians loved their good bishop dearly, for he was always doing all he could to help and comfort the poor and the suffering, and gave and collected money for widows and sick people, and in his letters directed the ministers that all such sufferers, and especially prisoners, should be cared for.

While Cyprian was in exile, during the persecution, he wrote most loving letters to his flock, rejoicing in the bravery of those who died rather than give up their faith, and mourning bitterly over others who returned to idolatry. 'Would God,' said he, 'that I were not hindered from being present with you! With what joy would I fulfil my sacred ministry among you, my heroic brethren, and show to you the depth of my tender affection.' Though longing intensely to return to his beloved people, Cyprian knew that it was better to remain away from them, for in Carthage he would have been instantly put to death, and cut off from ministering to their wants, and preaching to them of Christ. The good bishop had no fear of death, for on his return, when persecution ceased, a terrible pestilence broke out, and Cyprian, with many other Christians, nursed and cared for the sick and dying, heedless of the danger to their own lives.

But after some years of usefulness and devotion, the bishop was at last called to suffer for Christ's sake. The Emperor Valerian, who in the early part of his reign had been so kind to the Christians, was now persuaded by a wicked favorite to persecute them fiercely, and Cyprian was seized and taken before Paternus, the Pro-Consul of Carthage. 'You despise the worship of the gods,' said Paternus. 'I am a Christian,' replied Cyprian boldly, 'and I can only worship the one true God who made all things. All Christians serve him, and pray to him for one another, for all men and for the Emperor.'

'You will suffer death if you persist in this worship,' said Paternus. But the good bishop declared that he could not change his mind, and the Pro-Consul was angry, and threatene to banish him from Carthage. 'He is not in exile,' said Cyprian, 'who has God in his heart, for the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof.'

Paternus then commanded his prisoner to tell him where other Christians were concealed, that they might be seized and punished. Cyprian refused to do this, and reminded Paternus that laws had been made by good Romans which forbade that a prisoner should be forced to betray his friends; and though the Pro-Consul was angry, and threatened Cyprian with torture till he told all about the other Christians, he did not really do the bishop any harm, only sending him into exile for a time to a little village called Curubis, fifty or sixty miles from Carthage. There Cyprian remained for nearly a year, very kindly treated by the inhabitants, who, no doubt, had heard how good a friend he had been to all the sick people, Pagan and Christian alike, during the time of pestilence.

While Cyprian was at Curubis nine other bishops were taken prisoners, together with many more Christians, and sent to work in the copper-mines. Cyprian wrote to them, cheering them under their sufferings and their cruelly hard toil, encouraging them to remain faithful, and sending them money: he received from the captives very grateful and affectionate letters in reply.

When, in 257, Cyprian returned to Carthage, Paternus was dead, and Galerius Maximus had succeeded him as Pro-Consul. For a little while the bishop lived at some gardens that belonged to him, but very soon he heard that soldiers were likely to be sent to take him to Utica, the Pro-Consul having gone there for a time. Now Cyprian was not afaid of death, if God should call him to suffer, but he wished very much to die as he had lived, among his own people in Carthage: 'For,' said he, 'it is meet that a bishop should confess his Saviour in the city where he has held office, that his people may share in the honor of his good confession. For my own sake and for yours, I will confess Jesus Christ, and will suffer for him in your midst.'

So Cyprian hid himself for a time, but when Galerius returned he went back to his gardens once more, and there he was found by two soldiers, sent to take him, and at once brought before the Pro-Consul, Christians gathering in great numbers to be present at his trial. After questioning him a little, Galerius sent Cyprian to prison till the next day, many of the bishop's friends passing the night in the street outside the prison. Immense crowds assembled the following morning to hear the martyr's last confession, and many Pagans would have rejoiced to see his life spared, for they could not forget Cyprian's kindness to them when in sickness and trouble. After asking his name, Galerius inquired of the prisoner whether he was bishop of the Christian church in Carthage.

'I am,' said Cyprian fearlessly. 'Our princes have ordered you to worship the gods,' returned Galerius. But Cyprian only replied just as he had done a year ago, when before Paternus; and when told that he had better take care of his own safety, he answered, 'My safety and my strength is Christ the Lord, whom I desire to serve for ever.'

Finding that it was impossible to shake the good bishop's faith, Galerius grew very angry, and declared that he should die. 'Let Cyprian, who refuses to sacrifice to the gods,' said he, 'be put to death by the sword.'

'God be praised,' returned the martyr joyfully, and then he went willingly with the soldiers who led him to execution, followed by a crowd of sorrowing friends saying to one another, 'Let us die with our holy bishop.'

Out on a grassy plain beyond the city Cyprian met his death. From the branches of the surrounding trees many watched him as he laid aside his cloak and knelt once more in prayer; and then, after presenting the executioner with a rich gift in gold, they saw him bind the handkerchief over his eyes and meekly prepare for the end. No torturing, lingering death—the fate of so many martyrs—awaited the Bishop of Carthage. Like St. Paul he suffered the death of a Roman citizen, not of a slave, his head being struck off by the sword; and then the weeping crowd returned sadly to the city, to bury the body of their friend, and to mourn sorely for the loss of one of the bravest and the best of pastors that ever ministered to a Christian church

(To be continued.)

Beautiful.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindliest ministries to and fro,
Down lowliest way, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care,
With patient grace and daily care.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.
—Selected.

Yes, Indeed.

'Can you imagine anything more mortifying than to think of the clever retort you might have made?'

'Well, it's a great deal more mortifying to think of the alleged clever retort that you might better have left unsaid.'—'Philadelphia Ledger.'

One thing is sure: we shall not accomplish anything this year if we expect to accomplish nothing. If a man walks along a road, he sees a thousand things he didn't expect to see when he started out; he sees them because he started out. Whoever launches forth on God's promises may not get where he thought he would, but he will get somewhere.—Rufus Sewall.

Gun Language.

The old buffalo hunters had an established signal that is yet used by the mountain guides, says Ernest Thompson Seton in 'Country Life in America.' It is as follows:

Two shots in rapid succession, an interval of five seconds by the watch, then one shot—this means, 'Where are you?' The answer, given at once and exactly the same, means, 'Here I am; what do you want?' The reply to this may be one shot, which means, 'All right; I only wanted to know where you were.' But if the reply repeats the first it means, 'I am in serious trouble; come as fast as you can.'

Pictorial Testament Premium

A very handsome Pictorial New Testament, just published, with chromographs and engravings from special drawings made in Bible lands by special artists, J. C. Clark and the late H. A. Harper. The book is neatly bound in leather, round corners, gilt edge, well printed on fine thin paper, making a handsome book. The colored plates contained in this edition are particularly fine.

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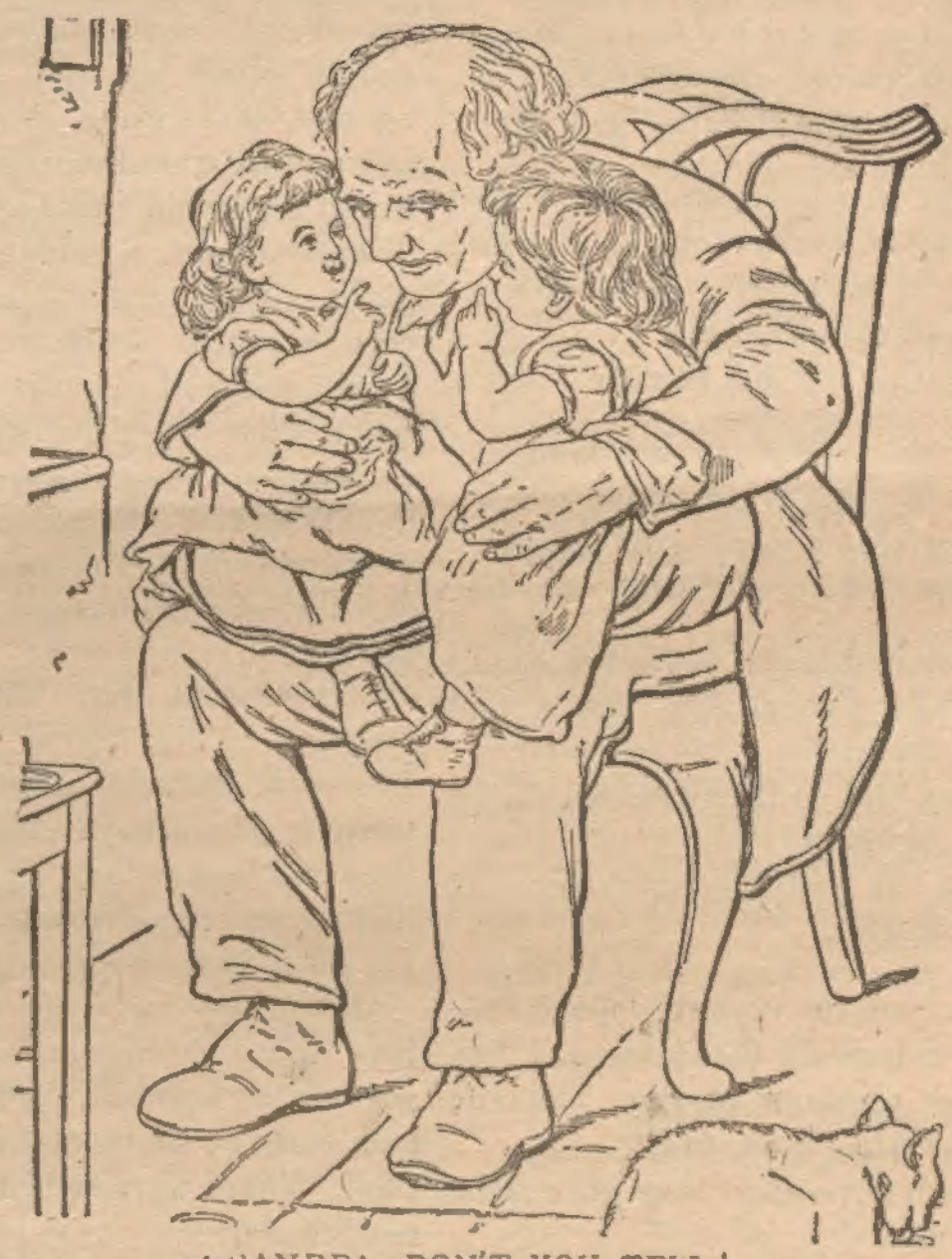
LITTLE FOLKS



GRANDPA, DON'T YOU TELL!

For our Young Artists.

Jeffy's Inspiration.

Jeffy slipped away hurriedly before they could ask him how many teeth his baby had. It would be perfectly dreadful to have to say, 'Not a single!' Probably Debby Stearns would laugh anyhow. Debby's baby had three teeth, and True Starr's baby had four!

'And mine's the oldest!' groaned Jeffy, plunging his hands deep into his pockets for comfort. 'Makes me kind of ashamed to have the oldest baby 'thout any teeth.'

Then he remembered how cunning little Fluff o' Gold had looked at the window in mamma's arms, and suddenly all his shame and disappointment melted in a warm flood of tenderness. He began to run. He wanted to get home to little Fluff o' Gold and hug her.

Teeth! What were teeth to dimples and gurgles and little pink toes and a witching, wondrous fluff of golden hair? Debby Stearn's baby had red hair, and True Starr's —hum, True's baby hadn't any, not a single! And none o' the other babies—Bobby Dill's, or the washerwoman's, or anybody's—had fluffs o' gold. No, sir, nobody's baby, teeth or no teeth, was as beautiful as Fluff o' Gold! As if he cared——

But he did care. Even as he hurried home, thinking how beautiful his baby was, he cared, for Debby Stearns' taunting voice was in his ear. 'What! Not any teeth yet!' And that was a month ago. Babies always had teeth before they were nine months old, Debby said; and Debby had had experience in babies—three experiences. And Fluff o' Gold was ten months old!

That morning Jeffy had hunted in the little red mouth for a tooth, and yesterday morning, and all the mornings. It was part of his goodbye when he went to school. 'Oh, please cut one 'fore I get home!' he would whisper pleadingly in the pink-and-white little ear. 'On that particular morning he had added, 'And' I'll give you my pocketbook 'thout opening it.' There was a silver half-dollar in the pocketbook.

Something caught Jeffy's eye as he ran along. It was a dentist's sign, and the minute he saw it he had an inspiration. It made him stop so suddenly that he nearly sat down. Why! Why hadn't he thought of that before? Jeffy was only six. At six inspirations are queer things.

'Dr. Bonney'—Jeffy was acquainted a little with the smiling man in the handsome room upstairs —'I've called to ask you to come to my house an' pull out a tooth for my baby. Can you come right now?'

The smiling man was puzzled. What was this—a baby's tooth? He wasn't accustomed to pulling out babies' teeth; it wasn't—er—just in his line. How old a baby, now?

'Ten—goin' on 'leven. Can't you do it 'thout hurting her? I thought when she was asleep——'

'But it isn't—er—customary to pull out babies' teeth——'

'Oh, I don't mean clear out,' Jeffy explained eagerly. 'Course not! I mean just out enough so we can see it. She's very behindward, an' I'm about 'scouraged. You don't think it would hurt much to pull one out such a little way as that, do you?'

The smiling man smiled a little harder still. 'Go home and ask your mother what she thinks of it,' he said. 'I'll come up if she says so.'

Jeffy put on his cap and hurried away. At the door at home mamma called him, 'Jeffy, Jeffy, come here!'

'Yes'm, I'm coming.'

'Quick, for Fluff o' Gold has something to show you! Something beautiful, Jeffy.'

Jeffy went into the nursery and up to the baby's little railed-in play-yard. Fluff o' Gold sat on the floor, smiling a wide little friendly smile.

'Look quick, Jeffy—now!' cried mamma, excitedly. 'Look with all your might!'

It was a tooth!—Annie Hamilton Donnell, in 'Zion's Herald.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is July, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

A Boy Wanted.

Wanted—a boy that is manly,
A boy that is kind and polite,
A boy you can always depend on
To do what he knows to be right.

A boy that is truthful and honest
And faithful and willing to work,
But we have not a place that we care to disgrace
With a boy that is ready to shirk.

Wanted—a boy you can tie to,
A boy that is trusty and true,
A boy that is good to old people,
And kind to the little ones too.

A boy that is nice to the home folks
And pleasant to sister and brother,
A boy who will try when things go awry
To be helpful to father and mother.

These are the boys we depend on—
Our hope for the future, and then
Grave problems of state and the world's work await
Such boys when they grow to be men.

—'The Presbyterian.'

What Peggy Lent.

Peggy watched Mrs. Toomey go away with a look of relief on her tired face.

'O mother,' Peggy said, 'I wish I could lend something to somebody, too!'

'Well, why not?' said her mother cheerily.

'Truly?'

Peggy hurried to the door, but Mrs. Toomey's calico dress was just a little blur of dingy red in the distance. It was too late to call her back.

'And there isn't anybody else with seven little mites o' children and a landlord,' Peggy said, coming back into the kitchen slowly.

'Besides,' she added, as a sudden afterthought, 'I spent my money yesterday—I forgot.'

Mother smiled. 'Never mind, dear heart,' she said: 'there are other people to lend to besides Mrs. Toomey, and plenty of other things to lend besides money. Now run out on the veranda steps and eat your luncheon.'

It was cool and shady out there; but just outside the reach of the great leafy branches of the lime-tree how sunny and hot! Peggy munched her cake and pitied the people going up and down the street. She made believe the avenue was the Desert of Sahara, and it really did make a good one. There was such a wide stretch of glaring white dust to cross from curb to curb. Only of course—Peggy laughed at the idea—of course there wasn't a steady procession of camels going up and down the Desert o' Sa'rah! On the avenue the cam—I mean the horses and the cars—went back and forth always.

'There goes that blind music teacher; he's going to cross the Desert o' Sa'rah,' mused Peggy lazily. 'He always stops a long time and listens first. I shouldn't like to cross the Desert of Sa'rah in the pitch dark either—my, no!'

Out on the curbstone the blind man waited and listened. His face was turned toward Peggy sidewise, and it looked anxious and uncertain. There were so many wheels rumbling by!

'He's going to give Tillie Simmons a music les—'

But Peggy never finished that word. A sudden wave of pity swept over her. The next moment the blind man on the corner felt a little hand slip into his and a shy voice was saying something in his ear.

'It's me—I'm Peggy,' it said. 'I'll lead you 'cross the Desert o' Sa'rah just as soon as that 'lectric car goes by—there, now!'

Together they crossed the wide, hot avenue in a whirl of dust. Peggy's bare yellow head caught the sunlight like a nugget of gold. On the further curbing she slipped away and ran across again. By and by she remembered the return trip the blind man must take.

'I'm going back there and wait for him so's not to miss him,' she decided promptly. And away she flew.

But it was hot—my!—on the other side of the avenue! There was no tree there and Peggy thought it wouldn't be polite to sit on other people's doorsteps.

'Tillie Simmons takes pretty long music lessons,' she thought, with definite sympathy for Tillie and a general compassion for everybody else who had to wait around on sunny avenues without a hat on.

The return trip across the Desert of Sahara was made safely and the blind man plodded his careful way home with a happy spot in his heart. And Peggy—Peggy went home with a glad spot, too. She had never thought to be glad for her eyes before.

Mother opened the window and beckoned to Peggy. 'Well, was it as nice as you thought, dear?' she said smilingly.

'What—was what as nice, mother?' asked puzzled Peggy.

'Lending things to people.'

'Why—why, I haven't lended a single thing to anybody, mother!'

'No, not a single thing—two things, dear. I think you must have enjoyed it very much.'

Peggy looked decidedly astonished. What in the world had she lent to anybody? Two things, mother said.

'Oh!' cried Peggy suddenly, laughing up at her mother. Then her face sobered and grew gentle.

'Yes—oh, yes, I liked it,' she said.—Annie Hamilton Donnell, in 'North-Western Christian Advocate.'

Seashore Days.

Where the summer ocean
Flows up to the land,
Scores of happy children
Are playing in the sand.

Digging with their shovels
Deep and lonely caves,
Playing they are sailors
Shipwrecked by the waves.

Stirring up a batter
And baking in the sun
Sand cakes by the bushel,
Sand pies by the ton.

Molding mountain ranges,
Building forts that stay
Till the creeping tide comes up
And washes them away.

—Selected.

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Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

LESSON VI.—ANGUST 6.

Josiah's Good Reign.

II. Chronicles xxxiv., 1-13.

Golden Text.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.—Eccl. xii., 1.

Commit verses 1-3.

Home Readings.

Monday, July 31.—II. Chron. xxxiv., 1-13.
Tuesday, Aug. 1.—II. Chron. xxiv., 1-14.
Wednesday, Aug. 2.—I. Kings xiii., 1-10.
Thursday, Aug. 3.—II. Kings xxiii., 1-11.
Friday, Aug. 4.—II. Kings xxiii., 12-20.
Saturday, Aug. 5.—Ps. cxix., 1-16.
Sunday, Aug. 6.—Eccl. xi., 7-xii., 7.

(Davis W. Clark.)

The pendulum of national life in Judah swung often to heathenism and stayed there inveterately. Some powerful personality must needs rise to neutralize the magnetism before the chosen people could return to even the semblance of the pure faith. Such a condition now maintained. There were horses and chariots dedicated to the chief of the planets, and priests were burning incense to all the host of heaven. Sexual force also was deified, and phallic signs and symbols were displayed. Idolatry was dominant in Church and State. As the northern kingdom was practically blotted out, and the places of the exiles taken by pagan foreigners, the whole of Palestine was to all intents submerged by the polluting streams from heathen fountains.

It was the hand of a young man that was to loosen the pendulum of national life from the magnet of heathenism. It proved an uncommonly skilful hand as well as a resolute and strong one.

Josiah was a lily on a dunghill. He exhaled the fragrance of a pure spirit above the lascivious putrescence of his times. He donned the purple at eight years, and straightway gave himself to God. History is silent about the influences which immediately surrounded him. But as his father is known to have been a contemptible weakling, it is supposed that this is another instance in which the hand that rocked the cradle ruled the world. Aside from this there were few advantages in the boy's environment. There was no Bible, for the Book of the Law was lost. There was no regular public worship of Jehovah. It had been two hundred years since any repair had been put upon the temple. It was practically in ruins and the ritual suspended.

Yet in the darkness of the hour the rare and radiant flame of the pure theistic faith shone out, and that not with an intermittent or waning lustre, but with an ever-augmenting radiance. The young king was not simply negatively good; he was positively aggressive against evil. He was not only pious, he was powerful. The record is significant. At eight years he began to reign, and at the same time seek after the God of his fathers. When he had reigned twelve years he began to purge Judah. He thought that what was worth doing at all was worth doing well. He also gave personal attention to the work. It was done in his presence. Down came the high places, with their altars. The images, both carved and molten, were pulverized and strewn upon the graves of those who had worshipped them in sign of the impotence of that worship. One other object lesson was given. It was made necessary by the crudity of the age. Graves of the priests of Baal were opened and their bodies burned upon the very altars at which they had officiated. The young reforming king carried his havoc of heathenism even into the almost forsaken northern kingdom. In the ruins of the chief cities of four of the tribes, at least, he did that which he had done in Judah. Only when his programme was finished did he return to his own capitol.

Six years later, as a natural consummation, he undertook the great task of repairing the temple—the money and material having been collected in the interval, and all the plans matured. He showed great and practical wisdom in associating the public officials with himself. All should see and know that this was a national undertaking and not a private enterprise of the king. The narrative indicates an orderly method of procedure, and the overseers are honored by having their names entered in the sacred record. 'And the men did the work faithfully.' Significant! Sufficient!

Josiah shares the laurel with Hezekiah. These two kings of Judah, among all of them, were in all respects worthy successors of David, their father. It is a very simple, but under all the circumstances, a very expressive notation. 'They did right. They turned neither to right nor left.'

KEY AND ANALYSIS.

1. Attraction of heathenism to Israel. Dominant in this epoch.

2. Achievement of a young man. Youthful king, Josiah, counteracts the influence of heathenism. His personality and life story.

3 Desctructive effort—altars, images, groves, etc.

4. Constructive effort—repair of the temple.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

An American professor signalized his departure to take the chair in Oxford to which he had been invited by the extravagant assertion, that men over sixty did nothing comparatively, and that the world's work that was worth while was mostly done by men under forty.

The spectacular pronouncement has had the ridicule it deserved, but it has, at the same time, served to call attention to the fact that youth should be encouraged to do, and not be too long retarded in processes of preparation. George Eliot's caution against being worn out on the way to great ideas needs to be heeded.

A long catalogue is that which records the achievements of young men and women. A few examples only are here given: Mozart filled all the world with unearthly melody before he was thirty-five, and Raphael gave us all his glowing canvases before he reached that age. Luther was thirty-four when he nailed his theses on the church door. William Cullen Bryant wrote 'Thanatopsis' when he was nineteen. Garfield was a college professor at twenty-six. Edison became the wizard before thirty-five. Summerfield preached all his sermons before he was twenty-seven. Wm. Nichols Crouch composed his serenade, 'Kathleen Mavourneen,' at nineteen. The author of 'Die Wacht am Rhein' was twenty-one when he wrote it.

The world has just celebrated the one hundredth anniversay of the death of the poet Schiller. It has not forgotten the early influences brought to bear upon his genius; namely, his father's high character and learning, and his mother's own poetic fervor and her sympathy with her son's aspirations. In the case of the young king, Josiah, it was probably his mother only who guided him toward his high career.

Every boy and girl is an heir-apparent to a kingdom. It is not a realm of gold lace and empty functions, but a kingdom of character and service. Clear vision of this—careful preparation for it—courageous entrance upon it is the only genuine royalty.

There is a subtle meaning in the original Hebrew word translated 'destroyed'—'the houses which the kings of Judah destroyed'—literally, 'destroyed by neglect.' They did not need to raise iconoclastic hands against the sacred building. All that was necessary was to leave it alone. To cease repairs. It costs as much as would build a small cathedral every year to keep St. Peter's in Rome in repair. And other things besides buildings can be 'destroyed by neglect.'

The vacuum must be filled. When Josiah had emptied the land of paganism he filled it with theism and restored the worship of Jehovah. It is not enough to destroy evil. One must go on to construct good.

Here is a fine example of organization and co-operation. Josiah did not attempt to do the work single handed; he associated others with him and proceeded by a carefully arranged programme.

Josiah had a political purpose and ambition as well as religious. His tour into the Northern Kingdom indicates that he hoped for a restoration of the ancient limits of the monarchy, and the conditions seemed favorable, for at that very time the Assyrians were losing power before the Medes.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Aug. 6.—Topic—First fruits for God. Leviticus xxiii., 9-12; Deuteronomy xvi., 9-12.

The Hebrew religion surpassed in symbolism. Its rites were pure and highly significant. No other ethnic religion approached it in this particular. So faithfully do these old Levitical ceremonies portray the attitude which the soul should maintain toward God, that figurative use can be made of them to this day. Among all of them none is more beautiful or expressive than that in which the first sheaf of harvest was presented to God. It was public acknowledgment of him as God of Harvest. It meant that not one sheaf, but all was his, to be possessed, enjoyed and used for his glory.

Junior C. E. Topic.

CROSSING A RIVER.

Monday, July 31.—God's promise. Deut. xi., 31.

Tuesday, Aug. 1.—Its fulfilment is near. Josh. i., 10, 11.

Wednesday, Aug. 2.—They come to Jordan. Josh. iii., 1-4.

Thursday, Aug. 3.—They sanctify themselves. Josh. iii., 5.

Friday, Aug. 4.—The ark goes first. Josh. iii., 6-11.

Saturday, Aug. 5.—Twelve men chosen. Josh. iii., 12, 13.

Sunday, Aug. 6.—Topic—Crossing the river. Josh. iii., 14-17.

Don'ts For Teachers.

(The Rev. A. Y. Haist, in the 'Evangelical S.S. Teacher.')

'Don't let your scholars slip away.'—Many 'drop out' and 'slip away' and the teacher may not make earnest inquiry. What an awful responsibility. A great many of the non-church-going young people of our day are made up of these 'slip-aways' and 'drop-outs' from our Sunday-schools, and as a result the church never reaches them.

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each.

The People's Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine Doctor. This book gives a description of the diseases of the Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine, with exact doses of medicine. Usually sold at $1.00, will be given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger, at 40 cents each.

BAGSTER'S MINION BIBLE, suitable for Church, Sabbath School or Day School. Each boy and girl reader of the 'Messenger' should possess one. Given for three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each.

BAGSTER'S LONG PRIMER BIBLE — A handsome Bible, gilt edges, with the addition of 307 pages, containing the following Valuable Bible Helps, Concordance, Alphabetical Index, Maps, and Illustrations, with other aids to Bible study. Given to 'Messenger' subscribers for thirteen new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each or ten new subscriptions at 40 cents each.

PICTORIAL TESTAMENT—A handsome pictorial New Testament just published, neatly bound in leather, gilt edge. Given for four new subscriptions to 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each. or six renewals at forty cents each.

Correspondence

Dear Boys and Girls,—You will certainly like to know how our Cot Fund stands now. Well, counting in this week's gifts, which, as you see, include several quite large sums, we have received in all $140.40, enough for two cots for one year, and a good bit over. We are all very glad, aren't we? We spoke of furnishings being needed for the cot. Now, we have written to find out exactly how much that will all come to, but think that $25.00 for each cot will be enough to begin on. So you see, we have nearly enough for the furnishings, too, as the special gift for that purpose is counted in the sum given above. We only need about $10.00 more for our Cot Fund; for the present, of course, we mean, for we don't intend to give those cots up, if we can help it, once we get them, do we?

All gifts received after our Cot Fund is complete will go in to the General Fund, and be acknowledged on the second page. They will be just as useful in the work. Perhaps they will help buy a bag of flour for some anxious father and mother who see their barrel getting empty fast, and six or seven hungry children getting thinner and thinner because they never really have enough to eat.

So send in your gifts, any of you, that have 'always meant to,' but have not yet done it, and have a share in this good work.

Your loving friend,
THE CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR.

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I now take the pleasure of writing to you. I am sending you a picture to put in the 'Messenger.' This is the first letter I ever wrote to you.

SAMUEL IRETON (age 13).

M., N.H.

Dear Editor,—This is the first time I have written a letter to the 'Messenger.' I think it is a very nice paper. I have had it a very short time. There is a very nice little girl in the school I go to. Her name is Josephine J. She is in the hospital now. I am in the fourth grade. I enclose a picture.

KENNETH CASSON (age 8).

A., B.C.

Dear Editor,—As I saw so many young folks' letters in the paper, I thought I would write again. This is my second letter, and I hope I will see it in print. On the first of this month we had a Sunday-school picnic. We had lots of fun. I was very tired the next day. My brother and I go to school, but we are having holidays now. I think we will have a new teacher after the holidays. I liked the teacher that we had before, and hope the new one will be just as nice. As I saw some drawings on the Correspondence Page, I thought I would like to send one, too.

ELIZABETH H. W. W. (age 10).

M., P.Q.

Dear Editor,—I have not seen many letters from this place in the 'Messenger'; this is my first letter. I like the 'Messenger' very much, and enjoy reading the Correspondence Page. I am sending a drawing, and I hope to see it published.

D. E. ROSS.

P., N.Y.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. I go to school almost every day. We live about a quarter of a mile away from school. We have ten cows and two horses. This is the first time I have written to the 'Messenger.' My brother has taken it about five years I like it very well. I haven't seen any letters from here at all, so I thought I would write. I wonder if any other little girl's birthday is on the same day as mine, Nov. 10. My grandfather is eighty-five years old.

EDNA MANY (age 11).

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—My little sister Merle and I are sending you a dollar for the cot fund. We have been doing without some things, so we could truly help some ourselves. We are glad the 'Messenger' is trying to get help for the poor people who need it. I get the 'Messenger' for a Christmas present every year, and I like it best of all my presents, as it lasts so long and the stories are so good. We live in what they call a fruit district and the trees look so lovely when they are in bloom. I like the peach blossoms best. I am eight years old and Merle is six. I could tell you some funny stories about our pets, but will have to wait till next time.

TWO LITTLE GIRLS FROM B.

S. R., Ont.

Dear Editor,—My brother Alva takes the 'Messenger,' but I know that you will be kind enough to let me have a little corner in your paper. We all like the 'Messenger' very much and enjoy reading the beautiful little stories in it. I will enclose my small sum for the Labrador Cot Fund. I hope it will help a little.

A FRIEND.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'England off the Lee Beam,' by Samuel Merton (13), S., Ont.

2. 'A Lady's Slipper,' by Elizabeth H. W. W. (10), A., B.C.

3. 'May and the Chickens,' by Kenneth Casson (8), M., N.H.

4. 'A Bicycle,' by Willie Moore (11), S., Assa

5. 'Far upon the Sea,' by D. E. Ross, Montreal, Que.

[Do not forget that it is outline pictures we want, not shaded ones, and on smooth surface paper. These things you must remember if you want your picture to look well.—Cor. Ed.]

M. C., Assa.

Dear Editor,—This is the first letter I have ever written to the 'Messenger.' I am reading in the fourth reader at school, and I study arithmetic, geography, writing, reading, spelling, grammar, history, composition, and literature. My sister has taken the 'Messenger' for some time, and we all enjoy reading it. I have read 'The Lamplighter,' and I am reading 'The Wide, Wide World' now.

IDA BLANCH CASWELL.

Haliburton, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I have never written to the 'Messenger' before. We have taken it for a number of years, and I think it is a very nice paper. I am a girl thirteen years of age. I live on an island. It is a very pretty place in summer, but we have a lot of snow in the winter.

I. D.

B., Sask.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for four years, and like it very much. I am twelve years old. I have three brothers and one sister, whose name is Rose. My brothers' names are Harold, Ivan and Johnny. We came from Pontiac County, Que., four years ago, and lived at Lacombe, Alta., for a year, and we sold our farm there and moved to Millet, fifty miles north. We lived in town for three years. We moved this spring to this place, one hundred and fifty miles east, near Battleford, the oldest in the N.W.T. We are on a ranch. I came out alone, and stopped here for two months, taking care of the cattle and horses. It was pretty lonely, but I had a pony to ride after the cows. The C. N. R. is building a railway from Fort William to Edmonton which will be completed this year in time for shipping grain. We are eight miles from it. There is fine prospects of crops here. There was a slight frost on June 23, which killed the leaves on the potatoes. Well, this is all for this time. I will write again. I hope to see some letters from my little friends in Pontiac, Que.

FRED. B. CONNELLY.

A., Man.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I am a little girl eight years old, but will soon be nine. My brother takes your paper, and we all like it very much. I go to school. We have two miles to go to school. We live quite a piece from A. It is on the C.P.R. The grain is coming up nicely since the rain we had. We are having fine weather at present. I was at school yesterday. I took a bad headache, and I had to go into a house on the road. I hope to see my letter in your paper.

JANET LOUISE STINSON.

U., Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen any letters from this place yet, I thought I would write you a short one. I am twelve years old. I tried for the Senior Fourth Class at mid-summer. Our public school had a picnic on June 24, over at Markham. We had a very nice time. I expect to go to Orillia and Palmerston for my holidays. Last summer I was at Jackson's Point. I have a pet dog, and his name is Billy. We had a birthday party on the first of February for him. I have seen an animal that not many girls and boys have seen. It was a lamb, and it had five feet, two heads and two tails.

LENA ALVERA.

C. H., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live on an island, and it is the most southerly point of Nova Scotia. It has a population of about 2,700. We have a large new school-house and expect to have one of the new flags. I have two cats and one kitten, and a parrot, which cannot talk, but can sing a lot. We have twenty-seven hens. My father is a sea captain. He is now out to the West Indies, and we feel very lonely while he is away.

E. F. N

M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is the first letter I have ever written to the 'Messenger.' I go to school every day. I am in the second book. I live about half a mile from the Lake of Mindemoya. On the west side of the lake there is a large cave, which is about twenty feet high, and it goes about seventy feet back, and it is about seven miles from our place. When it was first found there were a lot of human skeletons and some fish scales on the ground. A great many people have visited it, and some write their names on the walls. There is another lake about three miles from here. It overflows every spring. It runs down past our house, and falls over some rocks about ten feet, and the noise of it can be heard about three miles away.

SADIE S. (age 10).

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

LABRADOR MISSION COT FUND.

Loyal Workers' Mission Band, Mira Gut, N.S., $5; Willie and Ethel Bayne, $5; Baptist S.S., Centreville, N.S., $1.40; Children of Rose Lea School, Munora, $1.25; Two Little Girls from Beamsville, $1; Hugh G. Rose, $1; Millie B. Findley, $1; Reader of the 'Messenger,' Roskeen, 40c; Winnie Corbett, 25c; Jean Milligan, 25c; Chums, L. and G., 10c; total this week, $16.65. In a recent issue the sum of $1.75 from West Bay, C.B., should have been credited 'Golden Rule Mission Band, West Bay, per L. McDonald.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

Take the Pledge.

Pray take the pledge and keep it,
  This is surely good advice,
For the boy who'd win the battle,
  And be free from every vice.

For the world is full of drunkards,
  Who were once boys pure and fair,
Oh, how sad it is that liquor
  Should have caught them in its snare.

So, as we tread life's pathway,
  With temptations in our train
Let us leave alone the liquor
  That so muddles up our brain.

And not only leave the liquor,
  But in every other strife,
Give obedience to the Saviour
  As we go along through life.

Then when our journey's ended,
  And we reach the other shore,
We will hear God's welcome, saying,
  'Enter in for evermore.'

—'Australian Christian World.'

The Hexam Show.

(A. L. Noble, in the 'Youth's Temperance Banner.')

Hexam Centre is a queer, old town in England, as unlike an American town as possible. There are streets of houses built a hundred or more years ago; one lovely great mansion called 'The Priory,' a ruined castle on a hill and three inns called 'The Golden Dragon,' 'The Royal George' and 'The Red Lion.' The first two are quiet, charming little places for travellers; the last has become a rum-hole of the worst sort. One summer a caravan came to Hexam and the children went wild over the posters on fences. Hexam boys all thought an elephant, a camel or one tiger was simply marvellous. This caravan had a few animals, some wax works, a giant and a dwarf.

Three children were almost crazy with excitement about going, for John Hicks had promised little Tom, wee Annie and rosy-cheeked Bess that he would take them and their hard-working mother. It would cost five shillings, or a dollar and a quarter of our money, but he could save it out of his week's wages as a carrier. The show was to be on a Monday, and every day of the week before John heard the children chattering about it. Mary, his wife, had satisfied herself that it was not a low or vulgar performance—not a circus at all. Mary was a careful mother and John a kind father, unless—O the pity of the 'unless'—he had been drinking at the Red Lion. If he did that he neglected work, was unkind at home and the family suffered in every way. The man who kept the Red Lion was a very smooth-tongued, agreeable fellow, who made plenty of money, and so was very jolly and polite. He knew how to wheedle poor men out of their hard-earned wages. This Tom Wilson had three children just the ages of the little Hicks. They always had nice clothes and plenty to eat.

Well, the Saturday night before the caravan was coming John put five shillings on the mantle-piece in a little broken vase; then he told wee Annie for the hundredth time that the 'effelamp' trunk was not like mother's big chest, and he promised little Tom that he should hear the lion roar and see all the animals fed. Sunday the little tots tried their best to be good, not to talk of shows, not to let bears and tigers get loose in their catechisms or their hymns. Perhaps that was one reason their father forgot all about their expected treat and Sunday night got to drinking very hard. It was late when he reeled home, and next morning he was horribly cross, stupid and only anxious to get over to the Red Lion for a drink that would 'set him on his feet again.'

The children did not understand anything beyond the fact that they were to go to the show that afternoon; but when John went out they trailed along after him. While he was getting his drink Tom Wilson came out of the inn and gave his boy three shillings to go with his sisters to the caravan. He nodded to the little Hicks and whistled when Annie cried: 'Papa's going to take us, he is—this afternoon!'

Poor little Annie and poor Bess and her brother! They waited hour after hour for 'papa' who was snoring in a drunken sleep in Wilson's stable. When their mother found the money was gone from the vase she went away and cried herself ill in her bedroom. The little ones crept down a lane and listened to the distant music in the tent. Tom went further, being a boy, but was ordered roughly from the tent door. Their hearts were about broken when the afternoon was gone, their last hope disappointed, and all that remained was to hear the rapturous stories of lucky playmates who had seen the whole.

That night John Hicks having slept off his drunkenness was smoking his pipe in his garden when he heard three pitiful little voices, broken by Annie's sobs, talking over their woes. It was actually the first realization John had of its being the day of the wonderful caravan.

'What a good man Mr. Wilson is,' said Bess. 'I wish he was my papa and I'd have new clothes and treats.'

'Yes, he is rich, too,' said little Tom, 'and he makes it selling drink. I will sell drink some day and get rich and I never, never will promise my children treats and make them stay home when——'

He could not finish. Annie's crying broke out afresh.

stuff,' pleaded Bessie, 'for that makes other stuff, 'plead Bessie, 'for that makes other fathers poor and cross. I heard mamma say so, and she knows, for she cried all this afternoon.'

'Is that why sometimes we is so hungry?' asked Annie, in her sweet little voice.

Now, Annie was her father's pet. He felt a sudden remorse and shame, such as he never felt before in all his life. He had no need of sleep that night, and he thought to some purpose. Tuesday he worked as if he were two men and earned two men's wages. Wednesday morning he gave his wife a bashful kiss and a folded paper—a temperance pledge. She was so happy and so hysterical he had then to tell the children himself that at noon precisely he was going to take them *all* for a lovely drive to a town ten miles off, where the caravan was, only with a brass band and newer sights. They should have their treat, but, best of all, they should have a kind, sober father from that day on. They did not go perfectly crazy, but mama thought they had, but then she felt almost as excited.

The Bar of Conscience.

(Happily, in our land the use of alcoholic beverages in the family is not so common as shown in this sketch of city life across the sea, but the temptations are great, so great as to make shipwreck of many a bright young life; so great that every true man and woman should rouse themselves for action and declare that 'something must and shall be done.')

In a room, whose furniture betrayed at once present poverty and past affluence, lay an emaciated young man, whose last sands seemed fast running out. His mother and a younger brother were at his side. The face of the dying youth was like ivory. Great beads of sweat were upon his brow. The minister, under whose care he had been when a boy, had just been engaged in commending his soul to God, and was about to leave, when shaking hands with him, he said:

'Oh, Walter, I am so glad that you are enabled to indulge hope in death; yet to this moment, I cannot conceive how, with all your good principles in early life, you could have been led astray as you have been.'

All appeared grieved at the good man's reference; but he proceeded—'Of all the young men I have ever known, you were the most promising, and the least likely to be led astray.'

An expression of agony seemed to pass over the face of the dying man. His eyes were closed for a few moments; when, looking up to his sister and mother, they understood him to express a wish that he should be raised up.

'No, Walter!—no!' his mother said, 'you are not able.'

'Gratify me; I am dying!' he said. 'Mr. Ramsay may do others good by a knowledge of how I was led astray; and an hour longer or shorter of life makes little difference to me now. Perhaps I read Scripture less, and prayed less, and realized less of the divine presence, after I left home than before. Many things may have contributed to my first departure from rectitude; but my ruin, you are aware, was effected through strong drink.'

'I know it, Walter, and that surprises me; because before you left home you were so rigid an abstainer. You have refused wine in my house.'

'Yes; I was right at home,' he said, 'but from my earliest years, in this town and elsewhere, I have continually had temptations presented to me to induce me to use strong drink. Even in your own family, as you have mentioned; and of course in others. The license that a clergyman takes in cases of this kind, his people will carry out to a far greater extent than his example warrants. Abstinence in a minister will scarcely influence all his people to be temperate; the use of strong drink at all will, in a vast number of cases, be taken by them as a justification of their own intemperance. At home, I was constantly urged to drink as a favor; I was laughed at for not drinking, and sometimes frowned upon. My conduct was ascribed to my inability to use intoxicating drink without becoming a drunkard—to a desire for superiority over my equals—to a mean desire to save money, and many other motives of an unworthy character.'

'Still you resisted all these?'

'Only, perhaps, as a stronghold resists for a time attacks made upon it, each of which nevertheless weakens it and prepares it for its ulticate fall.'

'It should have had the opposite effect, Walter.'

'Yes, that is the general view, I daresay. I think it was my own; but contact with evil, and exposure to evil counsels, dot not leave the mind unaffected. The man that has had the fewest temptations to a wrong course presented to him, in my opinion, is the least likely to yield to such persuasives when addressed to him on any new occasion. Practically I have found that, when my mind was not inclined to consent to such inducements, they still haunted the memory afterwards, and exercised a prejudicial influence upon me; and when inclined, the temptation was generally the occasion of my consenting to the evil. The many temptations to use strong drink at home, and the known practice of the best men there, I can assure you, often caused me to falter before I went to my new situation, and I solemnly believe conduced to my ultimately abandoning my abstinence principles, and to my ruin. I blame no one; I am myself the chief of sinners. In commencing the use of strong drink, at every step I violated my convictions of right, and silenced the voice of God within me. At the great judgment, I dare say nothing but "Unclean, unclean! God be merciful to me a sinner!" But, oh, Mr. Ramsay! could nothing be done to take these temptations out of the way of others?

(To be continued.)

A Good Temperance Story.

(X-Rays, in the 'Lincoln Leader.')

There was once a bricklayer's laborer who in former days spent all he could on quenching an alarming thirst. One Sabbath morn the man stood at the street corner looking and longing for a pal to pass and stand him a free drink. His eye fell on a placard announcing that someone was that morning to 'preach a temperance sermon'—not a very alluring way of putting it to a man who had gone to bed intoxicated and awakened with a groan and a grumble. Nevertheless he went, and heard the sermon. Next Saturday night he accompanied his wife to market and they bought a few long strange luxuries. Moody and reflective, he said nothing to his wife; but every evening went home, Saturday went to market, every Sunday went to church. In the end he conquered his habit, and became a thrifty member of society. And the moral is—he now owns eight houses! Another case of buying your own cherries.

HOUSEHOLD.

Cradle Song.

Like a cradle rocking, rocking—
  Silent, peaceful, to and fro,
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
  On the little face below,
Hangs the green earth swinging, turning,
  Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow;
Falls the light of God's face bending
  Down and watching us below.

And as feeble babes that suffer,
  Toss and cry and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
  Holds the closest, loves the best,
So when we are weak and wretched,
  By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
  Holds us closest, loves us best.

O great heart of God! whose loving
  Cannot hindered be nor crossed,
Will not weary—will not even
  In our death itself be lost—
Love divine! of such great loving
  Only mothers know the cost;
Cost of love which, all love passing,
  Gave a son to save the lost.
—Saxe Holm.

Womanliness.

After all, does an unsmiling face, a studied indifference, a proud glance, add anything to a woman's womanliness? Do any of these really increase her charm, really lend her dignity, really tend to elevate her in the opinion of those whose experience of life qualifies them to judge?

The question is asked after a prolonged study of 'ye fashionable maiden.' The purely irresponsive attitude, both physical and mental, seems to be that at which she aims. Of course we have all read of the Vere de Vere repose, but none of us admires the haughty Lady Clara. Why should a visible pride be considered the best setting for beauty and beauty's accessories? We cannot conclude that this manner accidentally results from what is termed 'spoiling,' we must suspect that it is in most cases acquired.

Observation seems to make it clear that women fail most frequently in street car courtesy, to employ a convenient term. How often one sees a workingman, perhaps with his dinner pail under his arm, rise to give his seat to a woman rustling in silks and velvets! How often she accepts without any apparent sense of obligation, without deigning the slightest acknowledgment! Surely a dignified smile and a word of thanks would become the most haughtiest dame of high society.

Being, after all, human beings and not goddesses, women can lose nothing by pleasant looks and smiles. When will they learn that it is their privilege to scatter the sunshine of kindliness, to cheer by a manifestation of considerate politeness those less fortunate? It is an old saying that our women are more privileged than those of any other nation. One fears sometimes that they have learned to take too much for granted.—Exchange.

The Art of Visiting.

(Estelle M. Hurll, in the 'Congregationalist.')

Much has been writen on the art of entertaining, which may be briefly summed up as the art of making the guest feel at home. Less has been said on the art of visiting, which may be reduced to a corresponding formula as the art of making one's self at home. Simple as such principles appear, it is not altogether easy to follow them. Neither entertaining nor visiting can be considered a haphazard matter even on the simplest scale; both require tact and consideration. Usually the hostess devotes far more attention to the subject of entertaining than the guest gives to the subject of visiting. This is certainly a one-sided state of affairs. The guest should study to give as well as to receive pleasure.

Assuming the general principle that the visitor is to make herself at home in the family, her first care should be to familiarize herself with the details of the domestic routine—the hours for meals, the duties for rising and retiring, the regular programme of hours for calling, reading, sewing, writing, etc. The welcome guest accommodates herself at once to all these appointments, however different from her usual habits.

Selfishness is the root of all evil in visiting as everywhere else in life. As the hospitable hostess forgets self in trying to make her guest happy, so the guest with riciprocal self-forgtefulness should seek in every possible way to subordinate her individual tastes to her new surroundings. The doctor's daughter may visit a minister's family and find the church work in which they are engrossed an entirely unfamiliar field. Nevertheless, she must enter the new life as heartily and sympathetically as one of the family, co-operating in all their plans and interests. The city girl visits her country cousins and finds them busy with gardening, farming and the affairs of village life. If she hold herself aloof from these unfamiliar pursuits, affecting to be ignorant or disdainful of them, she shows both ill-breeding and inherent selfishness. Trying to learn something of this unknown life, and sharing as far as possible in it, she endears herself to her friends as a most welcome guest.

In some families life seems to centre in and revolve about the children; in other households, as of professional people, literary subjects are of chief interest; sometimes music comes first; and in many circles social pleasures fill the time. The guest knows beforehand what manner of people she is visiting, and is usually invited because of some common bond of sympathy or interest. She should, therefore, prepare herself to be so far as possible in perfect touch with her surroundings. The welcome guest is no alien in our midst, to whom our affairs and interests must be explained or apologized for. She seems to understand everything intuitively and fits into her place quite naturally.

A guest's contribution to the family enjoyment may be active as well as passive. It is not hard to learn how one may be useful and attentive to the various members of the household. The little girls will like help in their dolls' dressmaking, the boys on their scrapbooks and stamp collections, the mother on some new fancywork. The father and brothers like to be entertained at the right time (not when they are reading the newspapers) with music, conversation or games.

It is always gratifying to host and hostess to see their guest well dressed. A little pains taken to change one's gown of an evening, even if tired from the day's pleasures, and to vary one's costumes as much as they may be with fresh laces and ribbons will be well worth the while. It is also due to those whose hospitality one is enjoying to be courteous and also agreeable to all whom one meets under the same roof. To assist one's hostess in entertaining others is often the most acceptable service one can render.

There is a long list of 'don'ts' which go to make up the code of the welcome guest beginning with, Don't see any family jars. The awkwardness of the servants, the naughtiness of children, the misunderstandings of elders, should be as if they were not to the visitor. The guest must never criticize, never interfere, never offer advice unsought, never dictate to children or servants, never complain, never be out of sorts.

If all these virtues seem beyond the reach or ordinary human nature it must be remembered that they are made easier by the kindness of the hostess, who has equally high ideals in the reciprocal virtues. Doing all in her power to smooth away difficulties, she makes the duties of the guest a real pleasure and no burden. A visit creates a temporary Utopia, in which heavier cares are laid aside and perplexities concealed. In such favorable conditions it is one of the pleasantest privileges of life to be a welcome guest.

Selected Recipes.

Aberdeen Sandwiches.—Chop very fine any cold meats, veal, ham, beef or poultry; for each teacupful add an egg-sized bit of butter, pepper and salt to taste, a teacup of sifted bread crumbs and a very little water to mix to a smooth paste. Roll or work on the boards into strips and then into oblongs; place each between two lettuce leaves and roll separately in waxed papar.—'Household.'

Pure Peace Ice-cream.—Pare twelve dead-ripe peaches and remove stones. Place one pint of cream and a cup and a half of granulated sugar in a double boiler; stir until the sugar dissolves and the cream scalds, but do not boil. Chill, and when perfectly cold, pour the sugar and cream into the can, pack and freeze. Press the peaches through a fine colander and add to the frozen mixture, leaving the dasher in the can. Adjust the handle and turn very slowly until the mixture is thoroughly frozen. Remove the dasher and pack according to the general directions.

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